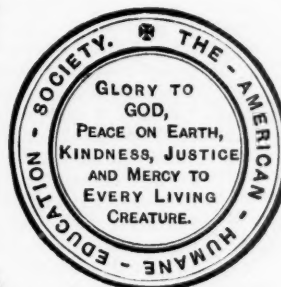


Our Dumb Animals.

"The Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals," "The American Humane Education Society," and "The American Band of Mercy."

"WE SPEAK FOR
THOSE THAT



CANNOT SPEAK
FOR THEMSELVES."

I would not enter on my list of friends,
Though graced with polished manners and fine sense,
Yet wanting sensibility, the man
Who needlessly sets foot upon a worm.—COWPER.

Vol. 35.

Boston, August, 1902.

No. 3.



STEAMER "QUEEN" IN THE ICE FIELDS OF ALASKA.

[Used by kind permission of "The Educational Gazette," Rochester, New York.]

THE MEDICAL POWER OF MIND.

Many years ago our good mother, seriously sick and obtaining no relief from her regular physician, took the cure into her own hands and recovered her health. When she told the doctor what she had done, he said, "*it only cured your imagination*," to which our good mother replied that if it had cured her imagination that was all she required.

In the winter of 1884-5 we were in New

Orleans addressing the white and colored colleges and schools of that city, forming "Bands of Mercy" and the Louisiana Society P. C. Animals, spending the spring in similar work in Florida.

The next winter was a very cold one and there was no heat in the Boston horse-cars, but by unanimous vote of the Boston School Board we were kindly permitted to give one hour addresses to all the High, Latin, Normal

and Grammar schools of our city during sixty-one days.

They were some of the most pleasant days of our whole life, but unfortunately resulted in our taking a bronchial cold which ended in bronchial asthma which has kept us awake many hundreds of nights since.

Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes, who had asthma a large part of his long life, said there was really no cure for it, but several things not taught in our medical schools have greatly relieved us at various times [*either the disease or our imagination*]. The power of the imagination is certainly wonderful. Many medical students, we are told, when studying the heart have been fully convinced that their own hearts were diseased, and hundreds [as we know from our encyclopædias] and perhaps thousands, have in past ages been cured of scrofula by the touch of an old [and perhaps scrofulous] king's hand.

In the two following cases [taken from our "Autobiographical Sketches"] we think we twice saved our good mother's life by compelling her to believe that her earthly usefulness was not ended:

"Two incidents relating to my mother here occur to me as showing the importance of cheering the sick, instead of saying, '*How feeble you look*,' etc., and otherwise only adding to the troubles they already have to contend with. October 16th, 1854, at 10.30 P.M., I received a telegram that my mother in Vermont was at the point of death. I took the first train to Brattleboro, then as good a horse as I could find, eighteen miles to the little village among the hills where she was residing. I had learned by my own personal experiences that doctors are sometimes mistaken. In one case, for instance, a quite noted doctor had told me that I had a fever and should not be able to leave my bed for two weeks. I discharged him on the spot, took a powerful dose of cathartic and the next day went to his office and paid his bill. In another, one of

he most distinguished eye-doctors of Boston, promising to get me out in a fortnight, kept me six weeks in great suffering and weakness and almost total darkness, and then told me it would take him six weeks more to get me out. I discharged him, took the case into my own hands, and by simply reversing his treatment got out evenings in about a week, and went to Vermont in about a fortnight.

took things to strengthen, not deplete, and began bringing my eyes to the light instead of shutting them out from it. But whether the doctor in this case of my mother's was mistaken or not, I determined, God willing, that if I found her alive I would save her. What effect prayers have God only knows, but I am sure I never prayed more earnestly in my life than I did for her recovery. I arrived in the afternoon, and as I drove up to the door a lady came out, and I said, 'Is my mother alive?' 'Yes,' was the answer, 'but just about to die.' I strode into the sick-room, and found there around her bed a large delegation of the church singing the farewell hymns and offering the farewell prayers. I spoke to her, and she said in a feeble but pleasant voice, 'You have come, George, to see me die.' 'Oh, no,' said I, 'not at all. I have arranged all my business and have come up to spend a fortnight, and am going to take right hold and have everything straightened out and you get well.' (This was the substance of what I said). But her mind was so fixed on dying that she seemed determined to die. So I said, 'Mother, if it is God's will that you should live—if He has something more for you to do in the world—are you willing to live?' 'Yes,' she said, 'if it is God's will, I am willing.' 'Then,' I said, 'we will take the means.' I dismissed the church brothers and sisters in about five minutes, and put up a notice on the door that nobody could be admitted. I had every noise in the house at once stopped. I sent about forty miles for a lady friend of my mother's, a good nurse, to come without fail by next train as it was a case of life or death. I sent about a hundred miles for her clergyman, to whom she was much attached, to come home at once. I sent sixteen miles over the hills for a noted physician. Mother had for several weeks been unable to take nourishment except by injections, and they had tried in vain to get ice, which it was thought her stomach might bear. I directed the stable-keeper to harness a horse and start for ice, and not to show himself in town again until he brought it, if he had to go to Boston. The result was, the nurse, the minister, the doctor and the ice all came, and my good mother, who would probably have died that night if I had not reached her, just six weeks and two days afterwards, on November 30, was with me in Boston at church, and eating her Thanksgiving dinner.

Four years later, June 9, 1858, I was called again by telegram, and as before, hurried to Vermont, to find that she had been engaged [now in her seventieth year] in a great revival, had overworked herself, had fallen and lain for hours in a fit, on coming out of which she had lost most of her mental faculties, could remember hardly anything, and could only lie in bed moaning. I watched her one day and then decided that the only hope was to change her surroundings. The doctor thought she would probably die anyway. I ordered a barouche from Brattleboro, eighteen miles distant—that being the nearest railway station—into which I put her, and with a nurse started for my native town in southern Massachusetts. She knew so little that she thought the first station from Brattleboro was Springfield. In the saloon of the car we brought her at night into Springfield depot, and took her at once to the famous Massasoit hotel, where I told the landlord it was a case of life or death and I must have the best in his house. He gave me everything I could wish, and when, in the spacious room with a cheerful fire burning, I put before her the first strawberries she had seen that season, a new light seemed to dawn in her eyes. The next day she was better and we reached kind friends in my native town. Gradually her lost faculties returned and she lived ten years longer to her eightieth year. I am clearly of opinion that in both these cases the change of surroundings acting upon her mind, and inspiring a belief in recovery, accomplished what could never have been accomplished by the power of medicine."

GEO. T. ANGELL.

A man's idea of practising economy is to preach it three times a day to his wife. — *Atchison Globe*.

FOR THE PROTECTION OF HORSES.

ONE THOUSAND HATS FOR HORSES TO BE GIVEN AWAY
AND
ONE THOUSAND TWO OUNCE VIALS OF A PREPARATION,
EACH TO BE MIXED WITH A GALLON OF WATER
AND USED TO PROTECT HORSES FROM
INSECTS, TO BE GIVEN AWAY.

At the July meeting of directors of the American Humane Education Society and Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, held on the 16th ult., President Angell reported that in the investigation of cases since last monthly report the agents have examined 2068 animals, taken 106 horses from work, and humanely killed 174 horses and other animals.

The "Bands of Mercy" have now reached the number of 50,703.

The Massachusetts Society has sent out through the state about five thousand placards for the protection of birds—and is now prepared to give away to drivers of horses [who do not feel able to buy them] one thousand hats for horses—also a thousand vials of an approved preparation, to be mixed in each case with a gallon of water and sponged or sprayed on horses—but in no case to be used internally—to protect them from horse-flies and other insects. These hats and vials can be obtained at the Societies' offices, 19 Milk Street, only between 1 P. M. and 4 P. M., on application of horse-owners or drivers who bring letters from horse-owners.

The American Humane Education Society has received from Mr. Angell the sum of three thousand and forty dollars, coming from the sale of land given by Mr. Angell to the permanent fund of the Society at the time of its formation.

TO PROTECT HORSES FROM HORSE-FLIES AND OTHER INSECTS.

ONE THOUSAND VIALS TO BE DISTRIBUTED; ALSO ONE THOUSAND HATS FOR HORSES.

Our readers will remember that we offered a prize of \$25 for the best and cheapest wash to protect horses from horseflies [green-heads, black-heads] and other insects.

Forty-four applications were made for the prize. They were all submitted to Daniel D. Lee, Edward C. Beckett and Benjamin F. Hartman, of the Boston Veterinary Hospital, and they report that a coal-tar preparation, suggested and advised by nine of the applicants, is the best and cheapest preparation. One thousand two-ounce vials of this preparation [each to be mixed with a gallon of water and used by spraying or sponge] can be obtained at our offices, 19 Milk Street, without charge, between the hours of 1 and 4 p. m., by horse owners, or on written application brought from them, until the one thousand vials are exhausted. The contents of each vial must be diluted with one gallon of water and never used internally.

The one thousand hats for horses will also be distributed at the hours above-named to drivers who do not feel able to buy them.

CARDS FOR THE PROTECTION OF BIRDS.

We have sent out to be posted in the various cities and towns of our state about five thousand cards for the protection of birds, and are continuing to send more.

THE PROTECTION OF HORSES FROM INSECTS.

BOSTON, July 11, 1902.

GEO. T. ANGELL, Esq.,
President M. S. P. C. A.

Dear Sir,—In response to your request to determine the relative merits of the various suggestions sent to us for the protection of horses from flies during hot weather, we have arrived at the conclusion that the most harmless practicable preparation to be used would be a "coal-tar preparation," as suggested by the following applicants for the Society's prize:—

JAS. A. CROWLEY,
239 Shawmut Ave., Boston.

W. WALLACE WAUGH,
147 Summer St., Boston.

Mrs. VERONA A. BROADBENT,
Highland St., Revere.

GEMOL Co.,
(Read, Holliday & Sons),
125 Pearl St., Boston.

CHAS. W. STRAUSS,
81 Church St., Boston.

JOHN J. SCANNELL,
5 Grove St., Boston.

SULPHO-NAPHTHOL Co.,
4 Merrimac St., Boston.

ELLERTON JAMES,
10 Post Office Sq., Boston.

Dr. FRANCIS ROBINSON,
Hinsdale, Mass.

Yours respectfully,

BOSTON VETERINARY HOSPITAL,
DANIEL D. LEE,
EDWARD C. BECKETT,
BENJ. F. HARTMAN.

HOW OUR HUMANE WORK SPREADS.

Last night we published in the Boston evening papers that we were to distribute a thousand two-ounce vials of a preparation to protect horses from horse-flies and other insects. This morning, July 17th, among our first callers is a gentleman from British Columbia, who tells us of the terrible sufferings of horses from insects in his section of the country, and what a God-send it will be to them if he can arrange to have our preparation used there, which he will endeavor to do. It may save tens of thousands of horses from torture.

We have been in the habit of sending out hundreds of bound volumes of *Our Dumb Animals* every year to hotels at the seaside and mountain resorts. A gentleman from South Africa looked over one of these volumes at the hotel on the top of Mount Washington one night, called upon us in Boston on his way home, and now we have a grand society for the protection of animals in Cape Town, "Bands of Mercy," and a considerable circulation there of this paper and our other publications.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

CLEVELAND, OHIO.

In the report of the Cleveland (Ohio) Society, now before us, we find this, "Never wash a horse with cold water when he is heated."

Our agents tell us that it would be particularly dangerous to pour cold water on the head of a heated horse.

LIFE FLOATS.

Some years ago a series of most dangerous steam-boat collisions occurred in Boston harbor.

In one, a Nantasket boat was struck by a tow boat, just after leaving the wharf, and such an enormous hole made in her side that she immediately sank.

If she had been struck two minutes later she would have been in the deep channel and a large part of her passengers would have been drowned.

As it was, she struck bottom at a depth which left her upper deck out of water, and so they were saved.

At the time we wrote the press upon the importance of having on the deck of every steamer life floats or rafts which, in case of sudden sinking, would give something for passengers to hold on to.

As one part of the business of our "American Humane Education Society" is to endeavor to save human lives, we are glad to put before our readers a cut of what is probably the lightest, best and safest life float ever invented.

It is patented in our own and various European countries. It is adapted to all kinds of vessels. It is claimed that it cannot be capsized or sunk.

It has been recently adopted by the United States navy and is likely to be by the navies of other nations. It is called "The Curley Life Float," and full particulars can be obtained by writing "The Curley Life Float Co.," 330 Washington Street, Boston.

The above cut shows its exhibition to U. S. Government authorities off the Charlestown Navy Yard.

One of these floats might have saved the lives of all the young people recently drowned in that terrible accident at the Isles of Shoals.

We take no advertisements in this paper for money, but what pertains to humanity we are glad to publish without price.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

ORA PRO NOBIS.

Mary, our Mother! the storm rages high;
On the lone billow, to thee loud we cry!
Fierce roars the ocean grim—broken our oars—
Howls the wild tempest—we're far from the shore.

Ora pro nobis! Mother, O save
Us who implore thee this night from the wave;
Send down thy help to us, as sad we weep,
Shine on the raging sea, Star of the Deep!

Here on the ocean, in peril, our prayer
Calls on thee, Mother! to save and to spare.
Listen in pity our sobbing appeal,
With hands raised to Heaven, thus humbly we kneel.

Ora pro nobis! Mother of love!
Smile in thy glory on us from above;
Curb the wild tempest—make calm the fierce sea;
Jesu, Maria, our cry is to thee!

Gone are our sails, and we drift with the tide,
Death clasps our fingers and waits by our side—



THE CURLEY LIFE FLOAT.—A Model can be seen at our Offices.

List to the loving ones—waiting at home,
Mother! their sinless prayers echo our own!
Ora pro nobis! the storm winds are still,
Praise to thee, Mother! whose plea is His will.
Stars shine above us while slumbers the sea,
Jesu, Maria, our hearts rise to thee!

H. D. O'QUINN, in *Boston Pilot*.

THE MEN OF MONOMOY.

(From the *Boston Transcript*.)

Where slope the sands of Chatham Beach
Far to the south, in rowing reach
Of Pollock Rip and Bearse's Shoal,
The Handkerchief and Shovelful,
From Chatham Light to Stone Horse buoy,
There watch the men of Monomoy.

At signal flag, or rocket's flight,
Or boom of gun, by noon or night,
With eager stride these men reply,
To rescue men imperilled fly,
And launch to breast the gale with joy,
These hardy men of Monomoy.

The storm fiend, cheated of his prey
Time and again, now puts in play
The awful demons of the deep;
With shoal, and swirl, and billows steep,
And waves bewitched, he will destroy
These fearless men of Monomoy.

But force malign can't foil the brave
Who venture all the lost to save.
New heroes still will man the boat,
Will fight the storm and keep afloat.
War's heroes without war's alloy
Are these brave men of Monomoy.

CYRUS P. OSBORNE,

Field Secy. Boston Seaman's Friend Society.

FROM WHITE EARTH, NORTH DAKOTA.

We are glad to receive from Mr. Dave Colville, White Earth, North Dakota, an order, accompanied by remittance, for two hundred copies of "Black Beauty" to be given to horse-men in that section.

SPANISH HONDURAS.

We are glad to receive an order for copies of our Spanish "Black Beauty" from Spanish Honduras, to be distributed in the schools.

CAN MAKE HALF-A-MILLION DOLLARS.

Some one is going to patent and put on sale a simple invention to close the ears of sick people and light sleepers against outside noises, and relieve hundreds of thousands of persons from great suffering, and make half-a-million of dollars and, we hope, give one-fifth or, at least, one-tenth of that sum to the American Humane Education Society for this humane suggestion.

The importance of some invention to protect the sick from outside noise is now being vastly increased by the growing use of automobiles, which may at any moment, in an ordinarily quiet street, break a sleep upon which life or death may hang.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

ONE OF BISMARCK'S.

Once when Bismarck was a cavalry officer he was standing with some other officers on a bridge over a lake. As he was about to give an order his groom, Hildebrand, rode one of the horses to water close by the bridge. Suddenly the horse lost footing, and Hildebrand, clinging to the animal, disappeared with it in the water. Before the other officers could collect their senses Bismarck had cast off his sword and his uniform and had thrown himself in the lake to save his servant. By good fortune he seized him and brought him safe to land in an unconscious condition. The next day the little town that had witnessed the brave rescue was in great commotion. They petitioned the superintendent, who obtained for the young officer the medallion "for rescue from danger." And on great occasions the well-known Prussian safety medal was seen beside the proudest stars in Christendom on the breast of the famous creator of united Germany. Bismarck, it is said, was prouder of his first medal than of all the rest put together. One day in the plenitude of his power a noble minister approached the premier and asked him the meaning of this modest decoration. He at once replied: "I am in the habit sometimes of saving life."

Chicago Herald.

THE LABOR QUESTION.

How shall we secure for labor the largest possible happiness?

We must take the world as the Creator created it, *not as we might prefer to have it.*

Any attempt to place all on the same social, intellectual, or financial level is impossible.

The *small horse* cannot draw the load of the *large*, nor the *slow* make the speed of the *fast*. Every man cannot be mayor, governor, or president.

The skilful surgeon, who by hard study and giving his life night and day to his profession has become eminent, will never work for the same wages as the day laborer.

It does not follow, however, that the *small horse may not be as happy as the large*, the *slow as the swift*, and the *day laborer as happy or happier than the mayor, governor, or president*. On the contrary, it is quite probable that neither mayor, governor, nor president has more real happiness on the average than nine-tenths of those who work for day wages, and it is quite probable that millionaires in most cases sleep less soundly, eat less heartily, and have thoughts and experiences *less happy* than the servant girls in their kitchens.

Young laboring men looking at the large houses and wealthy surroundings of aged capitalists can, by a few moments' thought, convince themselves that *in youth and health* they have property *vastly more valuable*.

It is a great law of nature, from which there is no escape, that "*by the sweat of the brow we must earn our bread.*"

Bellamy's beautiful dream, "*Looking Backward*," is *simply a dream*, as impracticable and impossible as the stories of Jules Verne, "*The Arabian Nights*," or "*Sindbad the Sailor*."

Some must study law, medicine, finance, and a thousand things on which human happiness depends, and *some must work in the coal mines or every furnace fire in the country would be extinguished*, every manufacturing industry end, and we should relapse into barbarism.

It will never be possible to make the wages of all men the same.

The man who works *ten hours* will earn more than his equal who works only *five*—the *skilful* more than the *unskilful*—the *strong* more than the *weak*—the *well* more than the *sick*—the *industrious* more than the *lazy*; and the man who in youth lives economically and saves his money will probably have in old age more than he who spends and saves nothing.

Labor will never, in the long run, be able to prevent capital from employing whoever capital sees fit to employ, and *capital will always be compelled to support labor, whether at work or idle.*

Every city and town must support its poor, and *capital must pay the bills.*

Anarchy attempting to run our banks, railroads, factories, and great commercial industries, would bring quick chaos, destruction and ruin, *not only to capital, but to labor.*

GEO. T. ANGELL.

"Do you know, Horatio, that every boy has a chance to be president of the United States?"

Horatio (thoughtfully)—"Well, I'll sell my chance for 10 cents."

A HOME PICTURE.

Oh! the happy little home when the sun shone out,
And the busy little mother got the children all about;
And Johnny fetched the water and Tommy brought
the wood,
And Billy-boy tied both his shoes, as every laddie
should—
And Danny rocked the cradle with a clatter and a
song,
To make the little sister grow so pretty and so strong.

Oh! the sweet peas and the morning glories climbing
'round the door,
And the tender vine of shadow with its length across
the floor.
Oh! the "pinies," and the roses, and the quiver of
the grass,
And the cheery call of friendship from the neighbors
as they pass!
Oh! the scuffle, and the shouting, and the little
mother's laugh
As a rabbit starts up somewhere, and her "*great
helps*" scamper off.

Oh! the happy little home when the twilight fell,
And all along the meadow rang the old cow bell
With a tinkle that is music through the rushing of
the years—
And I see the little mother in the tremble of the
tears.
And I hear her happy laughter as she cries: "*The
boys have come!*"
And we know she's getting supper in the happy little
home.

Oh! the happy little home when the moon gleamed
forth,
And Billy-boy would have it that it "*rised* in the
north."
Oh! the raptures and the whispers near the little
mother's chair
As the white-robed little figures are sitting here and
there,
And *we're just as near to heaven as we mortals ever
roam*,
When we kneel and say our prayers in the happy
little home.

LOUISE R. BAKER.

WHAT THE NEW ORLEANS PICAYUNE SAYS.

The man who shoots with a gun at *things that can not shoot back* calls himself a sportsman. If the law did not forbid it, men would be shooting at pigeons released from traps, and call it sport. If the object is to kill the bird, ammunition might be saved by taking the bird by hand from a trap and cutting its little head off. That would be squarer and more noble than seeming to offer the little thing freedom, and then shooting when it is making its first fight for liberty. Men who have called themselves sportsmen have indulged in this kind of sport. Sportsmen have hunted the wild buffalo until none of them are left in the wild and woolly West. Buffalo Bill is obliged to raise on his farm all of the wild buffaloes he uses in his Wild West Show, and he is very much mortified when the public recognizes the fact that his wild animals are as tame as Nebraska oxen. The meat of buffaloes is not good eating, and fashion does not demand the fur of the animal. The buffalo has been killed out of existence *purely for sport*. It was such rare sport that Englishmen of high degree came over to help do the killing. Now the deer is being hunted to death in all States where they are to be found, from Maine to California. In the illustrated journals reproduced photographs are frequently seen, showing a group of "sportsmen"—amateur hunters—about a pile of dead deer, as if the killing of those poor creatures, *merely for sport*, was something to be proud of. Sometimes women are in these pictures, and they are evidently proud of the men who killed the deer for sport. The miserable pothunter, who kills all sorts of game in all sorts of ways and seasons for the purpose of selling them, and making a few dimes, has some excuse for his work; but the amateur, hunting for sport and killing God's beautiful creatures merely for the purpose of seeing how many of them he can kill, might have some better employment on the face of the earth. Just now the *Lewiston Journal* is publishing some surprising assertions about the violations of the fish laws in Maine, among them being a statement that the pigs kept at the

hotels around the northern Maine lakes enjoy more of a trout diet every summer than any of its people. If true the statement indicates a great waste of valuable food fish. The man said he had worked at a large Moosehead hotel, and day after day boarders would bring in large strings of trout, which were duly placed on the show boards, tagged with the name of the catcher, for the admiration of the guests. After lying there a few hours they would be carried to the ice room. Some, of course, would be served upon the tables, but only a small proportion of the whole. The next day another large lot would be brought in, when the previous day's fish would be carried to the pigs, and this goes on day after day through the season, the catching being simply for the fun of it, with the result that the pigs live high. And so it goes. Every summer the Maine woods are filled with tourists who go long distances to catch the finest of salmon and trout for the hogs. The fishermen have no use for what they catch, but all strive to see who can catch the *most fish to be thrown away.*

New Orleans Picayune.

A HORSE-CAR INCIDENT.

Coming down town to our offices this morning, two well-dressed people, a gentleman and lady, got into the horse-car. The gentleman paid both fares, and the conductor rang his bell *twice*. Some time after, in going through the car, the lady held out a nickel, and he, supposing she had not paid her fare, took it and rang his bell again. Presently the gentleman told her he had paid, and both, apparently very indignant, called the conductor—a pleasant, mild-looking young man—to them, and after apparently throwing all blame on him, demanded the return of the nickel. He told them he should have to lose it. They didn't care for that, so he handed it back. We called the conductor and handed him a nickel. He at first declined, but we insisted, and he took it. Two very excited and unhappy looking people sitting opposite witnessed the transaction, and we hope it will do them good. Coming from the horse-car to our offices, we saw in a shop doorway some very good umbrellas labelled 98 cents. So we went in and bought one. When the nice looking little cash girl brought it to us with the change for \$1, we told her she might keep the two cents. It was worth almost the price of the umbrella to see the joyous look of the little girl and the smiling faces of the clerks that stood near.

G. T. A.

THE EAST WIND THAT SWEEPS OVER MASSACHUSETTS BAY.

Borne in from the heart of the ocean,
In frolicsome, laughing glee,
To the fevered life of the heated town
Comes the east wind, strong and free.

It brings us a vision of sea-gulls,
White-winged 'gainst the distant sky,
As they dip their plumes to the foam-wreaths
That over the billows lie.

It brings us flashes of beauty
From the sparkling, leaping waves,
And a cooling breath of dashing spray
From the dripping ocean caves.

It takes us in spirit outward,
Beyond the tidal flow,
To the wide and limitless ocean,
Where the great ships come and go.

And our souls are bathed in the freshness
Of the ocean of God's great peace,
And safe in its bosom of infinite love
Our sorrows and tumults cease.

LYDIA KENDALL FOSTER,

In Boston Evening Transcript.

EDITORIAL COURTESY.

We see in the morning papers of July 24th that the editor of the great French paper, *The Petit Journal*, calls the editor of *La Justice* a corpse, and the editor of *La Justice* calls the editor of *The Petit Journal* a liar.

We think each had better write the other that he is an ass and sign it *yours fraternally*.

AN INCIDENT OF OUR CIVIL WAR.

Beneath the branches of a wide-spreading tree, on the left bank of a brook, was located "Post No. 4." Beyond it to the south is a mile or more of neutral ground—forest, field, and thicket, and the tents of a brigade look like tombstones as the moonlight of a summer's night falls upon them. A cavalry picket is stationed here, and as he relieves his comrade he is told that all has been quiet along the front.

Watch the horse as the relief passes out of hearing and everything grows quiet. He knows the direction from which danger is to be apprehended. His ears are pointed toward the other bank, and eyes take in the movement of every bush and limb as stirred by the night breeze. A mile away there are thousands of men quietly sleeping. One might listen for an hour and hear no sound or see no sign that the spectre of war was flitting about over these fields, which will be torn by shot and shell a few days hence.

The trooper peers into the gloom and listens and speculates on every sound. Battle lines will not move forward in the darkness, and a reconnoitring party would betray itself in time for him to give the alarm. Danger will come to him, if it comes at all, from the murderers and assassins of war—the guerrillas and bushwhackers who kill for plunder or revenge.

Hist! What was that? The horse throws up his head and works his ears, but the trooper leans forward to pat him in a soothing way. Some animal stirring in a tree-top not far away had dislodged a dead limb or piece of bark. Now there comes a sound from the thicket on the left, and the horse turns his head and points his ears. Even a field mouse scampering over the dead leaves can be heard yards away on a quiet night.

Ah! peer—listen—feel the horse tremble with excitement as a dry branch cracks in the thicket across the creek. Did human footsteps cause that sound? The horse stands with ears pointed, head lowered, and one forefoot almost off the ground. He is an old veteran. If it were otherwise he would toss his head and paw the earth and betray his location to any one prowling near. A hundred nights of picket duty have taught him caution.

"Come, old boy, there's nothing to fear," whispers the trooper as he pats his neck. "We mustn't get excited about a 'coon or 'possum moving about. You and I have been in some tight places together, but we are all right here. Let's settle down to kill time until we are relieved."

A quarter of an hour goes by. The horse has not ceased to watch and listen. No cavalryman's horse on our post forgets the situation. Some will neither eat nor drink—none ever sleep. The trooper's eyes stare into the thickets, but in a vacant way. He listens, but he no longer separates the different sounds. A tree-toad is uttering its peculiar plaint—crickets sing in the dry grass—afar off a whippoorwill is making night melodious. He does not sleep, but he thinks of home and wife and little ones.

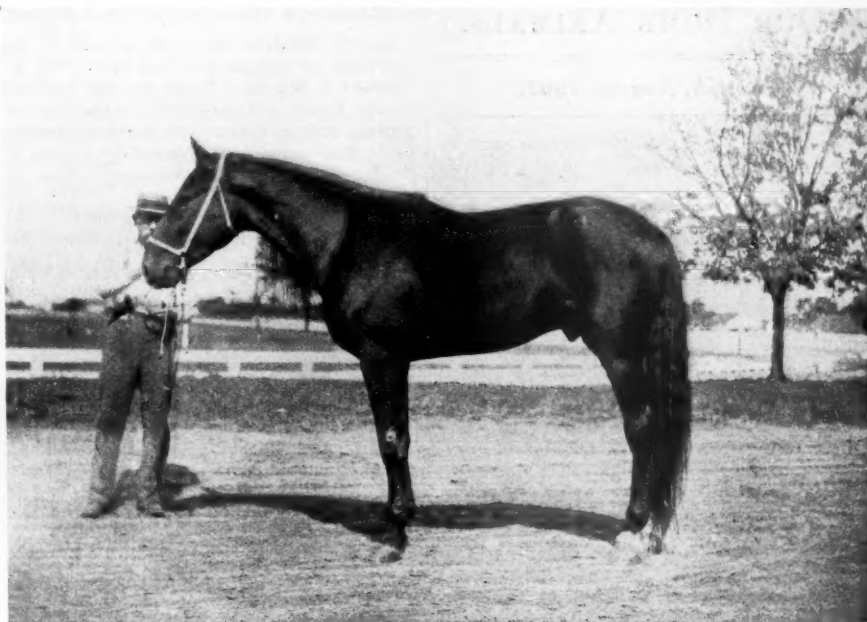
Listen! There was a peculiar sound from the stony bed of the creek—the crunch of gravel under a footstep. The horse hears it and points his ears, and his eyes grow larger. The trooper hears it, but it does not break his waking dream: the end of war; a nation of rejoicing, and the bronzed-faced veterans marching from battlefields to fields of waving grain.

The horse is trembling with fear and his breath comes faster. He hears the sound again and again. Something is creeping up the bed of the creek whose high banks form an excellent shelter. Is the trooper asleep? Have those sounds no significance to the man who knows that on this front some one has been murdered almost nightly? The horse carefully turns his head to look back.

"So-ho! so-ho!" whispers the trooper as he caresses him, but he is still thinking of home and those who will welcome him.

The horse shrinks backward and utters a snort of alarm, and the trooper suddenly rouses himself. It is too late. As he straightens up in his stirrups there is a flash of fire in his face, followed by a report which will arouse a thousand men, and after a lurch or two and a clutch at the saddle he falls to the ground. The war is over for him. The horse wheels and bounds away a few yards, but when the guard turns out and comes hurrying up they find the animal standing almost over his dead master, with his frightened eyes watching the bank and his ears strained to every sound.

"Ambushed and murdered," whispered the men



GAMBOY.

[Used by kind permission of "Buffalo Horse World."]

as they gathered around the corpse. "The bushwhacker must have crept up the bed of the creek to shoot him, and it's a wonder his horse didn't give the alarm in time."

VOICES OF THE PAST.

(Read at the 26th Anniversary of the Pennsylvania Peace Society, 1892.)

BY JOHN COLLINS.

A moan of anguish, as a requiem solemn,
Rolls thro' the lapse of centuries dimmed and gone,
Telling, by ruined wall and fallen column,
The wreck of empires since Time's earliest dawn.

From old Assyrian scattered piles and temples,
From tombs of kings on Egypt's river shore,
Engraved with names of conquerors, examples
Of the vile tyranny and waste of war;

From Afric's torrid realms, Numidian mountains,
Arabia's desert, trackless as the sea,
Or India's jungles and her sunny fountains,
Comes up a fearful cry of agony.

That sound is ringing down successive ages
From western lands, by plain and rock and flood,
As History weeps upon the blood-stained pages
She fain would fill with records pure and good.

Hear the deep groans, the burning imprecations,
Of spirits torn from tenements of clay,
The chorused voices of the murdered nations,
Like forest leaves by whirlwinds swept away.

The myriads cry in wakening tones of thunder,
"O Man! the direst foe of humankind!
How long wilt thou the bonds of nations sunder,
Deaf to all mercy and to pity blind?"

Cursed be the greed of wealth—the lust of glory,
The thirst insatiate for extended sway
Of tyrants, known in fading ancient story,
Or warring princes of a later day!

How long shall man defile, with blood fraternal,
This his fair home where Peace alone should dwell?
How long shall demons greet with joy infernal
The clash of arms and the fierce battle yell?

Heed the past lesson! Say to future ages
A nation's glory is in arts of peace!
Let poets, statesmen, orators and sages
Their adulation of the warrior cease.

Pass onward in your high and holy mission,
Friends of a cause that shall not know defeat;
There must be toil, but there shall be fruition
When armies lay their war drums at your feet."

SUMMER APPEAL OF THE HORSES.

DEAR FRIENDS,—While driving for pleasure and enjoying beautiful scenery, we pray you to consider us.

There is much you can do to protect us from unnecessary suffering and permanent injury.

It is true that our owners must keep us through the year, and we are willing to work hard and earn as much as we can for them during the short season you are here, but humbly ask that you will try to create a public sentiment that will protect us from abuse while we are doing our best to make your visit happier. Please kindly refuse to ride in any conveyance that is overloaded, or behind those of us who have had the misfortune to become lame.

Do not urge drivers to drive us too fast.

Do not compel us to be driven again when we have already done a hard day's work.

Fast driving and too many hours of work injure us more in one day than weeks of hard work with kind management.

Do not overload us. It is often because you do not think, that drivers feel compelled to overload us.

Drivers wish to please you and do not always have the courage to do what they know is right.

It will help us greatly if, when we come to steep hills with heavy loads, some of you will lighten our loads by walking.

A few moments' stop at the tops of hills to enjoy the scenery will often give us much rest.

Do not encourage drivers to race with each other.

Remember that we need and enjoy a drink of fresh water very often.

Before riding us, please see that our saddles fit well and that our backs are not sore, and kindly tell your young sons and daughters that fast riding or driving often means great suffering to us.

When hiring your horses, please discourage the barbarous practice of docking, by giving the preference to those of us who have not been mutilated and doomed to lifelong suffering from flies and other insects.

And to our owners we humbly petition—

Do kindly lessen our sufferings by loosening our check reins.

What a comfort it would be if we could get rid of these blinders which we are told are never used in some European countries, and which injure our eyes and often cause us to stumble.

When you find we do not eat well, please kindly examine our teeth and see if they do not need filing down, which can be done by a veterinary surgeon.

You can obtain humane literature to distribute by writing to Geo. T. Angell, 19 Milk St., Boston, Mass.

Respectfully submitted by your friends.

THE HORSES.

OUR DUMB ANIMALS.

Boston, August, 1902.

ARTICLES for this paper may be sent to
GEO. T. ANGELL, President, 19 Milk St.

BACK NUMBERS FOR DISTRIBUTION.

Persons wishing *Our Dumb Animals* for gratuitous distribution only can send us five cents to pay postage, and receive ten copies, or ten cents and receive twenty copies. We cannot afford larger numbers at this price.

TEACHERS AND CANVASSERS.

Teachers can have *Our Dumb Animals* one year for twenty-five cents.

Persons wishing to canvass for the paper will please make application to this office.

Our American Humane Education Society sends this paper this month to the editors of over twenty thousand newspapers and magazines.

OUR AMBULANCE

Can be had at any hour of the day or night by calling Telephone 992 Tremont.

Horse owners are expected to pay reasonable charges for its use, but in emergency cases where they are unable to do so the ambulance will be sent at the expense of the Society, but only upon an owner's order, or upon that of a police officer or Society agent.

SUBSCRIPTIONS AND REMITTANCES.

We would respectfully ask all persons who send us subscriptions or remittances to examine our report of receipts, which is published in each number of our paper, and if they do not find the sums they have sent properly credited, kindly notify us.

If correspondents fail to get satisfactory answers please write again, and on the envelope put the word "Personal."

My correspondence is now so large that I can read only a small part of the letters received, and seldom long ones.
GEO. T. ANGELL.

We are glad to report this month one hundred and thirty-three new branches of our Parent Band of Mercy, making a total of fifty thousand seven hundred and three.



NEW BAND OF MERCY BADGES.

There having been a wide call for cheaper Band of Mercy badges, we have succeeded in adding to the kinds we have been using a new badge in the two sizes above represented. They are very handsome—a white star on a blue ground, with gilt letters, and we sell them at bare cost, five for ten cents, in money or postage stamps, or larger numbers at same price. We cannot attend to smaller orders than five.

BARBAROUS TREATMENT OF A HORSE.

In the District Court at Abington this morning, on complaint of the M. S. P. C. A., Charles A. Brown of North Hanson was sent to the House of Correction for one year for pulling out the tongue of a horse on the 26th inst. The animal was owned by Arthur C. Wade.—*Boston Evening Transcript*, June 28, 1902.

CHARLESTON, S. C.

Mr. Rogers, the owner of beautiful "Jim Key," who distributed several thousand copies of *Our Dumb Animals* at the Charleston Exposition, tells us that among all the circulars, pictures, etc., which were given to visitors, which covered the ground, he could not find a single copy of *Our Dumb Animals*. He was sure that every copy was carried away, and only sorry that he could not have had more.

AMEN.

The *New York Times* very truly says, "that it is a vicious thing of the menagerie system which calls for the breeding of harmless creatures, simply to be killed for food for the savage and useless animals and reptiles exhibited." And we say amen.

KINDNESS IN SPRINGFIELD, MASS.

A Springfield lady writes us of the great care taken of their horses by the drivers of watering-carts in that city. We are glad to know it.

A NEW YORK GENTLEMAN.

A New York gentleman, connected with one of New York's largest firms, sends a kind donation to our Mass. S. P. C. A., and adds:—

I had taken *Our Dumb Animals* for some time, but at the time there were rumors of war with Spain I foolishly took offence at some of your articles, and wrote you a childish letter about what I then thought your lack of patriotism.

Since then I have grown wiser and see now that you are the true patriot, and I ask your pardon for anything I may have written in that letter.

With best wishes for the success of your great work, believe me.

WE ARE PLEASED.

We are pleased to receive, just before going to press, a donation to our American Humane Education Society, from D. O'Malley, Mayor of Valley City, North Dakota, with a kind letter closing, "When other poor mortals will be forgotten, your memory and noble work shall live on and on forever. This is the earnest prayer of a sincere friend and admirer,
D. O'MALLEY."

The next letter we take up in this same morning's mail encloses also a donation to our American Humane Education Society from Hon. Carroll S. Page, Ex-Governor of Vermont, closing with "best wishes for the success of your excellent work."

The next letter comes from a western gentleman, and reads thus:—

LA CRESCENT, MINNESOTA, July 15.

In the July number of your little paper you say that "there is a class of young men in our cities, young and old, as barbarous as the most barbarous on our western plains." This is an error. You should have said "more barbarous." The west is settled by the most humane people who have ever lived, and their example in the pursuits of peace might well be taken to heart by the elite east. If any other evidence is needed, take the panorama of crime as rehearsed in the daily papers, and locate the criminals. The expense of prosecuting criminals in any of the

large eastern cities will aggregate in amount the like cost in the entire north-west. Be lenient, brother, for the west may yet be called on to redeem the world.

Yours, etc.,

FRANK R. SMITH.

EGOTISM.

When a man reaches his 80th year, and is not, and never has been, a candidate for any political office, he ought not, in the publication of any matter which he thinks may help what he believes to be a good work, to care two straws whether outsiders, who have never given a sixpence to aid, consider him an egotist or not. Therefore, we are glad to publish the following sample letters which, we have no hesitation in saying, we have read with pleasure:—

HALIFAX, NOVA SCOTIA.

DEAR MR. ANGELL,—I have just finished reading a copy of your "Autobiography." I don't know when I have enjoyed reading anything so much. I was particularly interested in your crusade against food adulterations. To speak of all that I admire in the "Autobiography" would take up too much time. You can understand what the book is to me when I tell you that I am an enthusiastic lover of the dumb creation, and never, until I fell in with your publications, have I found anything at all satisfactory in the way of literature upon the subject.

Our Dumb Animals is the most delightful to me of all the papers that we receive, and it is the only one that I read every word of.

Your saying, "heart education," rings in my head. I am appalled at the callousness of many intellectual people. Better leave the head uneducated than to be all brain and no heart.

For the sake of all the animals that I have ever loved, I feel grateful to you for what you have done for them in the way of educating the hearts and minds of the people of this continent up to a higher standard.

With warmest thanks, I am, most truly yours.

FROM A NEW YORK LADY.

"I have read your 'Autobiography' aloud to my family, with tears sometimes, though I cannot tell whether from intense sympathy with your work or from thankfulness that God has given you to our generation. May your life and health long be spared."

FROM A WASHINGTON LADY.

"I consider that *Our Dumb Animals* is doing more good than any other periodical in this country. May the dear God bless you and spare you many years."

FROM A BALTIMORE GENTLEMAN.

"I like to know and read of people who have convictions, backed by courage to announce them, and are supplied with the requisite grit, grace and gumption to impress them on others; and I know you will excuse the bluntness of the compliment, because of its sincerity, when I say you 'fill the bill.' Best wishes.
W. L. KELLER."

Our readers can have little conception of the happiness added to our life by many, very many such letters received by us from friends in various parts of our country. We received one the other day from a good lady over eighty years of age, in which she said she had prayed for us every night for about fifteen years.

We believe there is great power in sincere, earnest prayer. How much of the success which has crowned the work we have been directed to attempt is due to the sincere, earnest prayers which have been offered up, the Almighty only can know.

Over thirty-three years ago a college friend, who was then occupying most prominent and influential positions in a large western city, urged us to accept a co-partnership which was almost sure, without risk, to result in a large fortune. We told him we had marked out a different course in life and must follow it.

We have never regretted our decision.

A distinguished lawyer and his wife were at a social gathering where the question was discussed: "Who would you rather be if not yourself?"

His wife asked him for his reply to the question. He answered promptly, "Your second husband, dear."—*Philadelphia Record*.



Founders of American Band of Mercy.

GEO. T. ANGELL and REV. THOMAS TIMMINS.

Office of Parent American Band of Mercy.

GEO. T. ANGELL, President; JOSEPH L. STEVENS, Secretary.

Over fifty thousand branches of the Parent American Band of Mercy have been formed, with probably over a million members.

PLEDGE.

"I will try to be kind to all harmless living creatures, and try to protect them from cruel usage."

Any Band of Mercy member who wishes can cross out the word harmless from his or her pledge. M. S. P. C. A. on our badges means "Merciful Society Prevention of Cruelty to All."

We send without cost, to every person asking, a copy of "Band of Mercy Information" and other publications.

Also without cost, to every person who forms a "Band of Mercy," obtaining the signatures of thirty adults or children or both to the pledge, and sends us the name chosen for the "band" and the name and post-office address [town and state] of the president who has been duly elected:

1. Our monthly paper, "OUR DUMB ANIMALS," full of interesting stories and pictures, for one year.
2. Mr. Angell's Address to the High, Latin, Normal and Grammar Schools of Boston.
3. Copy of Band of Mercy Songs.
4. Twelve Lessons on Kindness to Animals, containing many anecdotes.
5. Eight Humane Leaflets, containing pictures and one hundred selected stories and poems.
6. For the President, an imitation gold badge.

The head officers of Juvenile Temperance Associations, and teachers and Sunday-school teachers, should be presidents of Bands of Mercy.

Nothing is required to be a member but to sign the pledge, or authorize it to be signed.

Any intelligent boy or girl fourteen years old can form a Band with no cost, and receive what we offer, as before stated.

The prices for badges, gold or silver imitation, are eight cents large, five cents small; ribbon, gold stamped, eight cents, ink printed, four cents; song and hymn books, with fifty-two songs and hymns, two cents; cards of membership, two cents; and membership book, eight cents. The "Twelve Lessons on Kindness to Animals" cost only two cents for the whole, bound together in one pamphlet. The Humane Leaflets cost twenty-five cents a hundred, or eight for five cents.

Everybody, old and young, who wants to do a kind act, to make the world happier and better, is invited to address, by letter or postal, GEO. T. ANGELL, Esq., President, 19 Milk Street, Boston, Mass., and receive full information.

Good Order of Exercises for Band of Mercy Meetings:

- 1.—Sing Band of Mercy song or hymn, and repeat the Pledge together. [See Melodies.]
- 2.—Remarks by President, and reading of Report of last meeting by Secretary.
- 3.—Readings. "Angell Prize Contest Recitations," "Memory Gems," and anecdotes of good and noble sayings and deeds done to both human and dumb creatures, with vocal and instrumental music.
- 4.—Sing Band of Mercy song or hymn.
- 5.—A brief address. Members may then tell what they have done to make human and dumb creatures happier and better.
- 6.—Enrollment of new members.
- 7.—Sing Band of Mercy song or hymn.

Don't hire or ride behind a poor looking or high-checked or dock-tailed horse. Always look at the horses and tell drivers why you do it.

Jones—"I'm quite a near neighbor of yours now, Mrs. G. I've taken a house on the river."
Mrs. G.—"Oh! Well, I hope you'll drop in some day."



A HOME IN WESTERN NORTH CAROLINA.

From "Southern Workman," Hampton, Va. Photograph of Tarbell, Asheville, N. C.

"Be it ever so humble, there's no place like home."

GENERAL LEE'S KINDNESS OF HEART.

A kinsman of mine, who fought on the losing side in the late war, gave me these pleasant anecdotes of Robert E. Lee, says a man in the St. Louis Post-Dispatch:

"I was adjutant of a cavalry regiment which took part in the West Virginia campaign of Lee in 1861. One day my colonel invited me to accompany him to headquarters, which I was very glad to do, hoping to hear something of my family in Richmond, whom the general—recently in that city—knew well. We found him sitting at the door of his tent, which was pitched at the top of a rather steep hill. He gave us a cordial welcome and to me the home news I desired. While the conversation was in progress an orderly came galloping up the hill, and dismounting, handed the general a dispatch. He held it in his hand without breaking the seal, and said to the soldier: 'You have ridden your horse hard and he is very much distressed; unbuckle the girths and let him breathe.'"

Another and more striking illustration of this tenderness of heart in the great commander occurred at Petersburg during the closing weeks of the siege. General Lee's headquarters was in a private house beyond the reach, it was thought, of the Federal artillery. One morning he was standing, with several members of his staff, under a large tree, when a heavy shell landed not far distant. "Gentlemen," he said, "the enemy have evidently got in range, and we had better retire." Of course, nobody would retire until the chief set the example. The next moment another shell crashed through the top of the tree above their heads, and all followed his advice—except himself. He stopped—and for what, do you suppose? The shells had knocked down a nest full of young birds, and when the retreating officers looked back they saw General Lee pick up the nest and place it carefully on one of the lower branches of the tree.—Inter-Ocean.

A clergyman was much surprised one day at receiving a basket of potatoes from an old woman in his parish, with a message saying that as he had remarked in his sermon on the previous Sunday that some "common taters" (commentators) did not agree with him, she had sent him some real good ones.

Where is your cat?

PARIS PHYSICIANS ON VIVISECTION.

In the *Abolitionist* (England) of May 15th, we see that Mlle. Neyrat, founder and editor of that sterling humane publication, *L'Ami des Bêtes*, has submitted to every doctor in Paris a list of questions on the subject of vivisection—regarding its usefulness, the possibility of restricting it, its scientific nature, etc. Of two hundred answers received only four were in favor of the practice. Some declared it should be forbidden among civilized peoples under heavy penalties; others, that it is useless; others, that it is degrading as well as useless.

Animal Defender, July, 1902.

COWBOYS AND ANGELS.

A brother editor writes us:

"Cowboys and angels never did mix well. Better leave them alone, Brother Angell, unless you desire to become in reality what you are now in name only."

To which we answer that we ran a thousand times more risk in the winter of 1880-'81, when we fought before Congress, at Washington, our battles against the poisonous adulterations of food and other articles, and again in the winter of 1884-'85, when, with the aid of the New Orleans press, we succeeded in stopping the bull-fights in that city, closed the grounds and buildings and sent the bulls and fighters back to Mexico.

Although we are twice as old as we wish we were, we have no desire to leave our present field of labor, and cannot help sympathizing with the man who, when the evangelist asked all who wanted to go to heaven to rise, and then all who wanted to go to the other place to rise, sat quietly in his seat, and when the evangelist asked him where he did want to go replied that he didn't want to go anywhere. He wanted to stay right here.

W.—"They tell me the automobile has been introduced in your town."

T.—"Introduced? It didn't wait to be introduced. It made itself at home right off. The first day it ran over two children and a man with a wooden leg, and it has threatened three times to break into the drug-store at the corner."

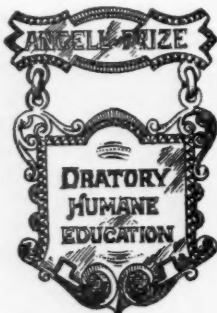
ANGELL PRIZE CONTESTS.

A splendid way to raise money in schools, churches, Sunday-schools, or elsewhere for any object preferred.

ANGELL PRIZE CONTESTS IN HUMANE SPEAKING.

We have beautiful sterling silver medals, of which this cut shows the size and face inscriptions.

On the back is inscribed, "The American Humane Education Society."



We sell them at one dollar each which is just what we pay for them by the hundred.

Each is in a box on red velvet, and we make no charge for postage when sent by mail.

The plan is this: Some large church or public hall is secured, several schools, Sunday-schools, granges or other societies are invited to send their best speaker or reciter to compete for the prize medal; some prominent citizen presides; other prominent citizens act as the committee of award, and a small admission fee, ten or twenty cents, pays all the costs, and leaves a handsome balance for the local humane society or "Band of Mercy," or school or Sunday-school or church or library or any other object preferred.

"BLESSED ARE THE MERCIFUL."

We have in our principal office [in a large frame and conspicuous position] the names of those who have kindly remembered our two Societies in their wills.

When we get a building we intend to have them so engraved in it as to last through the centuries.

PRIZES \$675.

In behalf of The Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals I do hereby offer (1) \$100 for evidence which shall enable the Society to convict any man in Massachusetts of cruelty in the practice of vivisection.

(2) \$25 for evidence to convict of violating the recently-enacted law of Massachusetts against vivisections and dissections in our public schools.

(3) \$100 for evidence to convict any member of the Myopia, Hingham, Dedham, Harvard or Country Clubs, of a criminal violation of law by causing his horse to be mutilated for life.

(4) \$50 for evidence to convict anyone in Massachusetts of a violation of law by causing any horse to be mutilated for life by docking.

(5) Twenty prizes of \$10 each, and forty prizes of \$5 each, for evidence to convict of violating the laws of Massachusetts by killing any insect-eating bird or taking eggs from its nest.

GEO. T. ANGELL, President.

Our creed and the creed of our "American Humane Education Society," as appears on its battle-flags—its badges—and its official seal, is "Glory to God," "Peace on Earth," "Kindness, Justice and Mercy to every living creature."

If there were no birds man could not live on the earth.

OUR PRIZE STORY PRICES.

Black Beauty, in paper covers, 6 cents at office, or 10 cents mailed; cloth bound, 25 cents each at office, or 30 cents mailed.

Hollyhurd, Strike at Shane's, Four Months in New Hampshire, also Mr. Angell's Autobiography, in paper covers, 6 cents each at office, or 10 cents mailed; cloth bound, 20 cents each at office, or 25 cents mailed.

Some of New York's "400," in paper covers, 10 cents each; cloth bound, 25 cents, or 30 cents mailed.

For Pity's Sake, in paper covers, 10 cents each; cloth bound, 60 cents at office, or 70 cents mailed.

Beautiful Joe at publishers' price, 60 cents at office, or 72 cents mailed. Cheaper edition, 25 cents; mailed, 30 cents. Both editions cloth bound.

Postage stamps are acceptable for all remittances.

"NEW YORK'S 400."

"It should receive as wide a circulation as 'Black Beauty.'"—*Boston Courier*.

"Charmingly told story. Its merits are many and its readers cannot be too numerous."—*Boston Ideas*.

"Extremely interesting. Will be laid down only with regret."—*Gloucester Breeze*.

"FOR PITY'S SAKE."

On the first day of issuing this book we had over a hundred orders for it, some of them for fifty and twenty-five copies.

"PITY'S SAKE" FOR GRATUITOUS DISTRIBUTION.

We acknowledge from various friends donations to aid us in the gratuitous distribution of this most valuable book, which everyone reads with pleasure, and having read wants everybody else to read.

To those who wish to buy it the price for our edition is 10 cents, and Mrs. Carter's cloth-bound edition we are permitted to sell at 60 cents, or post-paid 70 cents.

"The Humane Horse Book," compiled by George T. Angell, is a work which should be read by every man, woman and child in the country. Price, 5 cents.—*Boston Courier*.

Nations, like individuals, are powerful in the degree that they command the sympathies of their neighbors.

In hiring a herdic, coupe, or other carriage never forget to look at the horses and hire those that look the best and have no docked tails. When we take a herdic we pick out one drawn by a good horse, tell the driver not to hurry, but take it easy, and give him five or ten cents over his fare for being kind to his horse. We never ride behind a dock-tailed horse.

Send for prize essays published by Our American Humane Education Society on the best plan of settling the difficulties between capital and labor, and receive a copy without charge.

Always kill a wounded bird or other animal as soon as you can. All suffering of any creature, just before it dies, poisons the meat.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

Every kind word you say to a dumb animal or bird will make you happier.

SONGS OF HAPPY LIFE, &c.

For prices of Miss S. J. Eddy's new book, above named, and a variety of humane publications, address, "Humane Education Committee, 61 Westminster Street, Providence, R. I."

One thing we must never forget, namely: that the infinitely most important work for us is the humane education of the millions who are soon to come on the stage of action.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

What do you consider, Mr. Angell, the most important work you do?

Answer. Talking each month to the editors of every newspaper and magazine in North America north of Mexico, who in their turn talk to probably over sixty millions of readers.

"Just so soon and so far as we pour into all our schools the songs, poems and literature of mercy towards these lower creatures, JUST SO SOON AND SO FAR SHALL WE REACH THE ROOTS NOT ONLY OF CRUELTY BUT OF CRIME."

GEO. T. ANGELL.

Refuse to ride in any cab, herdic or carriage drawn by a docked horse, and tell the driver why.

FOR FREE DISTRIBUTION.

To those who will have them properly posted we send:

- (1.) Placards for the protection of birds under our Massachusetts laws.
- (2.) Placards for the protection of horses everywhere from docking and tight check-reins.

WHAT A DOCKED HORSE TELLS.

(1.) That the owner does not care one straw for the suffering of dumb animals.

(2.) That the owner does not care one straw for the good opinion of nine-tenths of his fellow-citizens who witness the effects of his cruelty.

Every unkind treatment to the cow poisons the milk—even talking unkindly to her.

Is it cruel to keep a horse locked up in a stable without exercise?

Answer: Just as cruel as it would be to keep a boy, or girl, or man, or woman in the same condition. If to this is added solitary confinement without the company of other animals, then the cruelty is still greater.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

WORTH REMEMBERING.

(1.) Avoid so far as possible drinking any water which has been contaminated by lead pipes or lead lined tanks.

(2.) Avoid drinking water which has been run through galvanised iron pipes.

(3.) Avoid using anything acid which has been kept in a tin can.

(4.) When gripe or other epidemics are prevailing wear a little crude sulphur in your boots or shoes.

A CAT ON THE POLICE FORCE.

The police force of the city owns a cat that goes out with the men like a dog. The animal's name is Jim, and he knows when he is called as well as if he was a human. Jim is about as ugly a specimen of a cat as was ever seen, has a short stumpy tail, but makes up in goodness what he loses in beauty. He wandered into the station about two years ago, and has made that his home ever since. It is only on the rarest occasions that he is ever seen in the daytime. He is as regular in reporting for duty as the members of the force, and knows when it is time for roll-call. His is the last name called, and he invariably answers with a meow. He is especially attached to Sergt. Kendall who has a beat on the principal street, and night after night Jim can be found trotting along behind the officer. The whole city is Jim's territory, however, and he generally visits every officer at some period during the night. Every Monday morning Jim changes his boarding-house, and for the following seven days eats breakfast at the home of some officer, going there alone and leaving at will. He gets nothing during the remainder of the day, as far as the force knows, and is eager at midnight for his lunch. One of Jim's accomplishments is knowing what the telephone means, and he is quick to act when he hears it. No one is regularly on duty at the station, but Sergt. Kendall reports here every half hour. Jim is generally there some time during the period, and if the bell rings he goes like a racehorse in search of Sergt. Kendall.

The officers long ago learned Jim's ways. He has a peculiar method of rolling over when he wants to notify one of the men that the bell has rung, and they always go back to the station with him. A short time ago Sergt. Kendall had just left the station and Jim heard the bell ring. He went out after the sergeant, and found him within a square. The Louisville police wanted Sergt. Kendall to watch for a man who had cut another almost into ribbons. Sergt. Kendall hurried to the ferryboat and intercepted his man just as he was disembarking. The fellow said in an hour more he would have been safe from capture. His victim died, and this week the murderer was sent to Frankfort for a long term. Jim was the sole cause of the capture, and Chief Haagar of Louisville sent him a fine collar.—*Jeffersonville (Ind.) Correspondence Indianapolis News.*

HE GOT THE PLACE.

In one of our exchanges we find an interesting account of a small boy who, to help his poor mother, tried to secure a position in a banker's office. He was small of his age and feared he might not get the place. Some fifty boys were waiting to see the banker, and here we begin:—

There was an excitement on the street, loud talking mingled with profanity, and the boys, hearing the noise, went out to join the spectators.

It was such a scene as one sees occasionally in the streets. A heavily-laden truck. A tired beast of burden refusing to go further from sheer exhaustion and overwork. A great brutal fellow with arms uplifted, ready to bring the lash down on the quivering flesh.

A number of trucks were waiting for the refractory animal to move on, the drivers not in the best of humor, as some of them urged their companion "to give it to him!" as they termed it.

Once more the lash was uplifted to come down with brutal force, when suddenly from out the throng a small boy with a pale, resolute face stepped forth, and going to the side of the truck said, loud enough to be heard by all:

"Stop beating your horse!"

The driver looked amazed. Such a little fellow to utter the command.

"What did you say, youngster?" he asked on gaining his self-possession. "Did you tell me to stop lickin' this 'ere hoss?" He added: "Cause if you did I'll break this whip across your face!"

His temper was rising. The great veins swelled out on his temple, as stooping down he fairly yelled:

"Let go, I tell you."

The boy did not flinch, although the whip was uplifted, while the horse, who already recognized in him a friend, rubbed his nose gently against the sleeve of his faded blue jacket. The big brutal driver, inwardly admiring the little boy's pluck and beginning to realize that he was not to be frightened by threats, changed his manner and said:

LARGE ORDERS FOR OUR PUBLICATIONS.

We are glad to receive, on June 23d, an order from Chicago for two thousand copies of "The Strike at Shane's" and two thousand copies of "Hollyhurst."

Kind words, a gentle voice and a little petting will accomplish vastly more in the management of horses than any amount of yelling.

"I don't want to get in any trouble, youngster, see! I'll try and coax the critter along."

He got down from his elevated position. A few kind words and the horse moved on with a low whinny, as if to say to his little rescuer:

"Thank you for your kindness, my boy."

As the crowd dispersed, one seedy-looking individual remarked to his companion:

"I say, Billy, the kid's made of the right kind of stuff."

Another of the spectators, a middle-aged man, with a thoughtful, serious face, richly dressed in furlined coat, held the same opinion.

"A wonderful boy!" he inwardly commented. "Brave and self-reliant; I like his face, too: an open, manly countenance. Just such a lad as I should like to have about me. By the way," glancing at his timepiece, "that reminds me I have advertised for an office boy and should be at my desk."

Five minutes later he was seated in his office interviewing the applicants. One after another he dismissed, but when another applicant entered, the banker's face beamed with pleasure as he recognized the little defender.

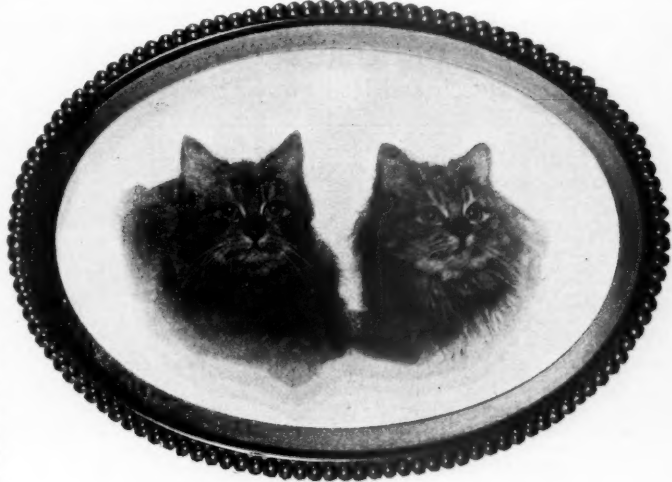
He found him a good penman, neat in personal appearance and well recommended; and Harold Dean entered the banker's office at four dollars a week instead of the usual price, three, and is now not only helping his good mother, but on the way to a fortunate and happy life.

TWO BUTTERFLIES COURTING.

There is no prettier sight than that of two butterflies courting. The aerial flights and evolutions are a mere beginning—a sort of preliminary flirtation. The serious part of the business begins when the butterflies are at rest. The male, which is usually the more brilliantly colored of the two, takes up his position on a stone or the trunk of a tree, and expands his wings in the sunshine so as to show them to the greatest advantage. The lady, at first, after the manner of her sex, disdains to notice them, or to seem to notice them. Gradually, however, their charm prevails over her, she comes nearer and nearer, walks round and round her lover, loses her heart to him, hesitates, and is lost.

AT THE HOTEL.

At the hotel where we are temporarily stopping, our waiter puts before us this morning's paper with an article announcing the death of Archbishop Croke, of Ireland, and adds that the Archbishop was his uncle. We reply that he should be very proud to be the nephew of so distinguished a man. Our waiter then said: "If I had taken his advice I would not be here to-day." "Well," we reply, "If we had taken the advice of a good friend we would not be here to-day. We should probably have made from half-a-million to a million of dollars and, like other people hurrying to get rich, would probably have been dead and buried long ago."



THE HEAVENLY TWINS.

Owned by Mrs. S. Hazen Bond, Washington, D. C.

A MIDSUMMER REVERIE.

Around this lovely valley rise
The purple hills of paradise.
Oh, softly on yon banks of haze
Her rosy face fair summer lays.
Becalmed along the azure sky
The argosies of cloudland lie,
Whose shores, with many a shining rift,
Far off their pearl-white peaks uplift.

Through all the long midsummer day
The meadow sides are sweet with hay.
I seek the coolest sheltered seat
Just where the field and forest meet—
Where grow the pine trees tall and bland,
The ancient oaks austere and grand;
And fringy roots and pebbles fret
The ripples of the rivulet.

I watch the mowers as they go
Through the tall grass, a white-sleeved row.
With even strokes their scythes they swing—
In tune their merry whetstones ring;
Behind the nimble youngsters run
And toss the thick swaths in the sun;
The cattle graze, while, warm and still
Slopes the broad pasture, basks the hill,
And bright, when summer breezes break,
The green wheat crinkles like a lake.

The butterfly and bumblebee
Come to the pleasant woods with me;
Quickly before me runs the quail,
Her chickens skulk behind the rail;
High up the lone wood-pigeon sits,
And the woodpecker pecks and flits.
Sweet woodland music sinks and swells;
The brooklet rings its tinkling bells;
The swarming insects drone and hum;
The partridge beats his throbbing drum;
The squirrel leaps among the boughs,
And chatters in his leafy house.
The oriole flashes by; and look!
Into the mirror of the brook,
Where the vain bluebird brims his coat,
Two tiny feathers fall and float.

As silently, as tenderly,
The dawn of peace descends on me.
Oh, this is peace! I have no need
Of friend to talk or book to read;
A dear companion here abides—
Close to my thrilling heart he hides;
The holy silence in His voice;
I muse and listen and rejoice.

IN A NEW YORK COURT.

Judge—"Have you formed or expressed any opinion as to the guilt or innocence of the accused in this case?"

Man (drawn as juror)—"No, sir. But I have sometimes thought—"

Attorney (rising indignantly)—"Your honor, this man acknowledges that he sometimes thinks. It is hardly necessary to say that we shall challenge him as a juror in this case."—*Texas Siftings.*

"KILL YOUR DOG AND BUY A PIG."

An exchange says: "Kill your dog and buy a pig with the dollar you save on dog tax. The scraps you feed the dog would make the pig weigh three hundred pounds, and then you could sell it and give your wife the money." Yes, kill your dear old faithful, mindful, thankful, trustful dog and buy a pig. But when you come home after a hard day's toil don't expect that same pig to meet you two blocks away with a joyful little cry of welcome at every jump. Sometimes when you feel unusually "blue" and it seems as if the whole world was "knocking" against you, don't expect it to nestle up to your side and laying its head within your lap, wag out its unalloyed sympathy. Don't expect it to forsake its meal of "scraps" just for the privilege of being your companion on a lonely drive or walk. Don't expect it to do any of these "little things,"—there's a vast difference between your most constant friend and a pig.

CAUSED STRONG MEN TO SHED TEARS.

As a rule railroad men are about as hard-hearted as the average, says the *Los Angeles Times*, and it takes something out of the ordinary run to bring tears to their eyes, but a whole crew on one of the Southern Pacific's local trains shed tears early the other morning, and a little black dog without a friend in the world caused it.

The Colton local had just passed a little station called Nahant, when the engineer saw a man lying at full length on the track only a few hundred yards in front of his engine.

The usual danger signal was given, but the man did not move, and the train was brought to a standstill a few feet from him.

A glance at the body from close range showed the engineer that the poor fellow was stone dead. In a few minutes the conductor, engineer, and trainmen were standing around the body.

Up to this time they had not observed the presence of a little black dog, but as soon as they approached his master he made a dash for the nearest man, and for a few seconds fought with all his puny strength to keep the men away.

They were there for the purpose of examining the body, however, to see what could be done, and the little dog was rudely kicked one side. He did not howl with pain as a dog generally does when kicked. He simply gathered himself up and quietly made his way between the men's legs until he reached his dead master's head, when he placed his little face by the side of his master's, and after looking at the intruders a few seconds began to whine, and big tears were noticed running down his nose.

"I have often heard," said one of the witnesses, "that dogs have been known to shed tears, but I never believed it until then, and I have lots more respect for the dog family than I ever before had. When I looked around at my companions there was not a dry eye."

"The old man, who was probably a section hand, was removed from the track with more care than is usually displayed in such cases. His blankets were carefully spread, and his remains were handled as gently as a mother would have done, and all on account of the tears in that little dog's eyes. As soon as the dog discovered that our roughness had disappeared he became friendly, and seemed to appreciate what we were doing for his master, but we could not induce him to leave his dead friend, and when the train pulled out he was still sitting at the old man's head."

The old man was probably walking down the track during the night when a train came along and ran over him. Its whole length must have passed over his body but, strange as it may seem, there were only a few bruises about the head. He had been dead several hours when found.

Somebody says that politeness is like an air-cushion—there may be nothing in it, but it eases our jolts wonderfully.

The response of the Pope, who is ninety-two, to the woman who told him she wished he might live to be a hundred, "What, madam, would you limit me to that?" proves that he still has a keen sense of humor, or a desire to live on indefinitely. — *Boston Herald*, July 4.



From "Biggle Pet Book," published by Wilmer Atkinson Co., Philadelphia, Pa.

A FUTURE LIFE FOR THE HORSE?

"AND ELISHA PRAYED."

"And when the servant of the man of God was risen early and gone forth, behold an host compassed the city both with horses and chariots, and his servant said unto him: Alas, my master! How shall we do?"

And he answered: Fear not! for they that be with us are more than they that be with them.

And Elisha prayed, and said, Lord, I pray thee open his eyes that he may see.

And the Lord opened the eyes of the young man, and he saw; and behold the mountain was full of horses and chariots of fire round about Elisha."—*Second Kings*, chapter 6, verses 15, 16, 17.

"And I saw heaven opened and behold a white horse and He that sat upon him was called Faithful and True."

"And the armies which were in heaven followed him on white horses."—*Revelation*, chapter 19, verses 11 and 14.

Our readers will remember that we offered in behalf of our "American Humane Education Society," a prize to clergymen for the best essay on "The moral nature of the horse."

In one of these essays, written by the Rev. S. L. Beal, we find an important thought, and that our readers may better understand it we add to it the above verses.

"If we note the experience of the servant of Elisha, and believe the story related of him, how his eyes were opened, and he witnessed what is there said, must we not take it that there is a life for horses after they leave this world?"

Otherwise there must be spiritual horses that are different from those in the flesh.

But why not believe that those that appeared before the young man were horses that once lived here?

Moses and Elias were seen on the mount of transfiguration fifteen hundred years after their departure from earth, and we believe them to be the same persons who were workers and leaders with the children of Israel.

Why may we not believe, then, that the horses seen by the servant had also lived here?

Why may not the good Father permit a horse to return as well as a man?

What reason have we for believing that Moses and Elias may still be living, and that horses that have gone out of the flesh are not?

Is God partial in imparting the gift of immortality to us only of all his creatures?

May not others of them be as precious in His sight as they are in ours?

So far as we can discern, reason, analogy, and the law of implication would indicate that they also have a future life, and we think justice demands it."

[To those who cannot agree with the reverend gentleman before named, we would add that Agassiz, the greatest scientist we ever had on this American continent, was a firm believer in the immortality of animals.]

GEO. T. ANGELL.

WHO WILL SAY?

A farmer residing on the Bay road in Easton, a few days ago swapped a cow with a farmer in Canton, eight miles away. The Easton cow had a calf two or three weeks old, which was left behind when she was taken to her new home. Last Wednesday the mother broke away from her fastenings in Canton and travelled with all speed to her former home in Easton, nearing which she paused a moment at the well to which she had been accustomed to go, and hastily took a drink of cool water to quench her thirst. Then she rushed for the stable, where she met her offspring. And what a happy meeting it was! The poor mother was frantic with joy. She caressed and fondled it and talked to it in her own soothing, endearing, affectionate manner, and no doubt felt well repaid for the long and weary run she had made over the dusty road. But her joy was not to last. She had been there but a short time before her new owner, who had missed her from her stall and had traced her to her old place of abode, came driving up, and the heartbroken mother was taken and led back, moaning piteously. As they pulled her away from her dear one she reached back and kissed it, and kept her eyes on it as long as she could. Who will say that a dumb animal has no heart?—*Brockton Enterprise*.

A FOUR-LEAF CLOVER.

It was a pleasant incident to receive, on the first day of July, a four-leaf clover from a member of "Band of Mercy" #8,846, accompanied by two beautiful pictures.

SUPERANNUATED.

A good Methodist friend again calls our attention to what we have said in past numbers of this paper about calling their older bishops "superannuated," and asks what shall we call them? We answer [as before], if necessary to call them anything except bishops, let it be senior bishops—consulting bishops—advisory bishops—most reverend bishops—anything but "superannuated."

We never heard of a superannuated Episcopal bishop. Bishop Whipple of that church has certainly rendered some of the best service of his whole life since he became threescore and ten.

No church, we suspect, has ever been managed with greater ability than the Roman Catholic, many of whose leaders are long past seventy, and its head in his ninety-third year.

We can easily see how a prize fighter, a football fighter, a bull fighter or a private soldier may become superannuated, but at an age when many doctors, lawyers, judges and business men are receiving the largest fees and profits of their whole lives, it does not seem to us just right to tell a good bishop that he is "superannuated," and ought to have died sooner.

GEO. T. ANGELL.

"Remember now thy Creator in the days of thy youth, while the evil days come not."

